

Not Berry Ideal

“Um...wait, I didn't mean...when I put that request up—”

A harsh *clack* of sharp teeth silenced the little Fletchling.

The Salamence looked down boredly. “Oran Berry. Said you needed one.” A chunk of the desired fruit fell from his jaws as he spoke. “Didn't have to come by here, bud. But I remembered after my snack, and, well...”

The hapless bird could only stare as the giant opened wide once more. A mushy mess of masticated berry was revealed, swamped in darkened saliva and framed by stained fangs.

“Might be enough in there for you if you hurry.”

One Fell Gulp

The Rattata's tail brushed some fallen leaves away from the Pitfall Trap. She regarded it for a moment, this device she'd originally dismissed as the dungeon's attempt to catch her off guard.

Wouldn't it also serve as a shortcut? She cocked her head and stepped onto the grate.

It was a shame that she didn't take a closer look before that step. That alone may have saved her from the canid predator that waited eagerly yet silently below, its smokey breath wafting through the bars.

It was a shortcut, all right. But not to the destination she had in mind.

Dungeon Diner

“I knew this dungeon was easy, but I didn't think it'd be THIS easy! Hey,” the Bayleef grumped, taking a step towards the shaking Cherrim. “I'm the one you should be worrying about, not them!”

Even behind its folded petals, the look on the Cherrim's face was easy to imagine before it fled.

The Bayleef glared before turning to their partner. “It's so annoying, Legumi. We're nearly the same level. Just 'cause you're evolved?”

The Meganium closed their eyes, their belly bulging and gurgling, and swallowed down yet another belch before smiling.

“I suppose my reputation precedes me sometimes, Gourdie.”

Land Snakes Alive!

“Thank you, thank you!” The Emolga clutched the slightly rusty badge to their chest. “This thing means a lot to me. I’m not an explorer myself, but my partner was.”

“Not a problem.” The Dartrix’s tone was clipped.

“These Alphas can get real vicious, huh?”

“They can indeed.”

He glanced at the unconscious Sandaconda, drooling onto the cracked earth.

“Where was it keeping it, even? Some kind of burrow? A hidden vault?”

The Dartrix tossed his head, flicking his sodden fringe out of his eyes. He glanced at a feather protruding from the serpent’s slack jaw.

“You could say that.”

Body and Mind

Clouds of a strangely solid variety surrounded the Stairway, ones that allowed Pokémon of all kinds to walk upon them. Yet they went unused by the Legendary that floated in their midst.

Rayquaza prowled the skies even higher above, yet Mewtwo’s quarrel lay not with the emerald beast. It awaited the exploration team in quiet–

Gwwoorg

Mostly quiet contemplation.

Its eyes remained closed even as its stomach clenched tight, bearing down with casually relentless force.

Wondering whether the challengers would arrive before it had finished digesting its meal, Mewtwo mulled over the logistics of fighting with this kind of 'burden'.